



# Puck

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## PUCK,

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

## THE "INTELLIGENT CITIZEN" ON CORRUPTION.

FROM THE beginning of the Lexow Committee's hearings we had been reading each day what our contemporaries had to say about the investigation. And, somehow, the more we read the more confused we became as to the significance of the Committee's work and its probable results. Not that the editorials lacked clearness or directness or force, for they had all these. They were ringing and vigorous. They denounced the rulers of the city as thieves and blackmailers and Champions of Vice. And yet, they bore the stamp of airy romance, of vague unreality. In trying to study out the reason for this we detected three elements of falsity in most of them. They assumed that (1) the revelations concerning New York's Police Department were a shock to the community; (2) they had aroused such general indignation that the community was ready and anxious to turn every civic official in New York out of office; (3) the Police Department was alone responsible for the system of blackmail which it had built up. These wrong assumptions divert attention from the real criminal. We discovered him, however, in spite of misleading editorials. He is the only important man in this country. He wields despotic power. He alone is responsible for the state of affairs that is now engaging the Lexow Committee. He is known to the world as the Intelligent Citizen. We asked him for an interview, and he readily granted us one.

"You have read the testimony taken before the Lexow Committee," we said to him. "You have also read more or less editorial comment on it. You know that the Committee has developed nothing which has not been common knowledge for years. It has brought out details and figures, it is true, but the main facts have long been notorious. And now you pretend to be shocked, to be highly indignant that officers of the law should protect law breakers for money bribes. And yours is such a hollow pretense, too! It goes no farther than reading the misleading editorials and applauding them ostentatiously. Down in your heart you know that you are not indignant,—that is, not very indignant,—and that you don't care how much money the Police make nor how they make it, so long as your city is a safe and decent place to live in. You are jumping on the Police Department for a system of blackmail which you have encouraged it to build up. How do you explain this inconsistency?"

"Well," said the Intelligent Citizen, "I don't explain it; I guess I'll have to acknowledge it." Tilting his chair back to an easy conversational angle, he continued: "You see, it's this way: speaking as an Intelligent Citizen, my attitude toward certain of our laws is peculiar. I want certain laws on the statute books, not to restrain *me*, you understand, but to restrain my fellow-citizens who may not be so intelligent as I am, from doing things which I think are not good for them. Of course, if I find it expedient or desirable to break one of those laws, I do it. There is no harm done, since I am an Intelligent Citizen capable of judging for myself whether a thing is right or wrong for me. Right there is the source of all this trouble. We Intelligent Citizens form a majority of the people and a majority of *us* find occasion to break several of the laws, with the result that those laws are nullified and may be broken by any one with impunity. No law can be enforced unless it is upheld by public sentiment. In the case of the laws I speak of public sentiment does not want them enforced, or, rather, it knows they can not be enforced. The fact is, we make hypocritical laws that say "suppression" but mean "regulation." We have laws as old as man that have never been enforced since the peoples of the earth began to make history. They never can be enforced until humanity is practically regenerated. But we are too squeamish to face this fact. I will put the proposition in simple terms: Given, a human policeman and some laws which he may enforce in some instances if he chooses, but which he knows can not be and are not intended to be thoroughly enforced and the result is,—blackmail. That proposition is as flawless as the multiplication table; and a million reformers, all spelling themselves with a big R, could n't get any different result."

"You make out a bad case against yourself," we said. "But is there no cure for the evil? Must we continue under a system which demands certain laws that serve only to help the blackmailer?"

"Well, I suppose we shall learn how to handle the matter in a thousand or two years," said the Intelligent Citizen. "In the first place we must learn to make the best of what we can't prevent, instead of pretending that we do prevent it. Unfortunately, we can't settle it by logic. Any one man can reason it out for himself, but when the People get at it it becomes a question of mental evolution. At present there is too much hearty coöperation between law breakers and law makers. If, for instance, every saloon in New York should close every night at midnight, and remain closed every Sunday, an outraged community would promptly amend the excise law to permit a saloon keeper to do business when he chose. But this will never be done. We Intelligent Citizens like to think there is a law against Sunday liquor selling, because it sounds moral, and so we are willing to take a little extra trouble to get our Sunday drink. We want the law, but we must have the right to break it; and, as the Police Department takes its orders from us it is n't going to enforce the law, especially when it gets fat tolls from the saloon keeper. The question of the social evil is far more complex than the liquor question. The Police could n't suppress that any more than they could suppress the four seasons; yet we insist upon having a law against it in order to publicly express our disapproval of it. Dr. Parkhurst is thought to be fighting the Police. In reality he is fighting this squeamishness of Society. The only logical outcome of a successful crusade of that sort is the licensing of the social evil. He doubtless realizes this. Unless he accomplishes it his work will be for naught. I do not think he will accomplish it. Society is unwilling to accept a tax upon vice; and, as it is unwilling to repeal a law which makes it possible for the Police to collect such a tax, No. 300 Mulberry Street will undoubtedly continue to be one of the greatest banking and clearing houses in the country. And, of course, so long as we invite the Police Department to collect this revenue a ring of spoils men is going to control its distribution. That is only natural, and we don't much care whether it is a Democratic or a Republican ring."

We have tried to believe that our Intelligent Citizen was an exceptional man, but we can not. He is conventional and ordinary. And so we must put the burden of guilt upon him and his kind. To convict every police official in New York of blackmail would not bring us one step nearer reform, so long as he holds to his folly of wanting laws because they sound well.

## Notice.

PUCK'S DOMESTIC COMEDIES; PICTURES IN COLORS AND BLACK-AND-WHITE, by F. M. HOWARTH, is out to-day. It may be had of all Newsdealers for 25 cents; or of the PUBLISHERS OF PUCK, by mail, for 30 cents. Mr. Howarth's many admirers have here, for the first time, an opportunity to secure a choice collection of his comics and dialogues.



## SWEET SYMPATHY.

INQUISITIVE PARTY.—The men at that other factory have given up the strike and gone back to work. I don't see how you men hope to succeed where they failed. What is your grievance?

STRIKER.—We hav' no grievance. This is a sympathetic stroike. Our min is stroikin' out av sympathy for the ither min fer havin' lost their stroike.





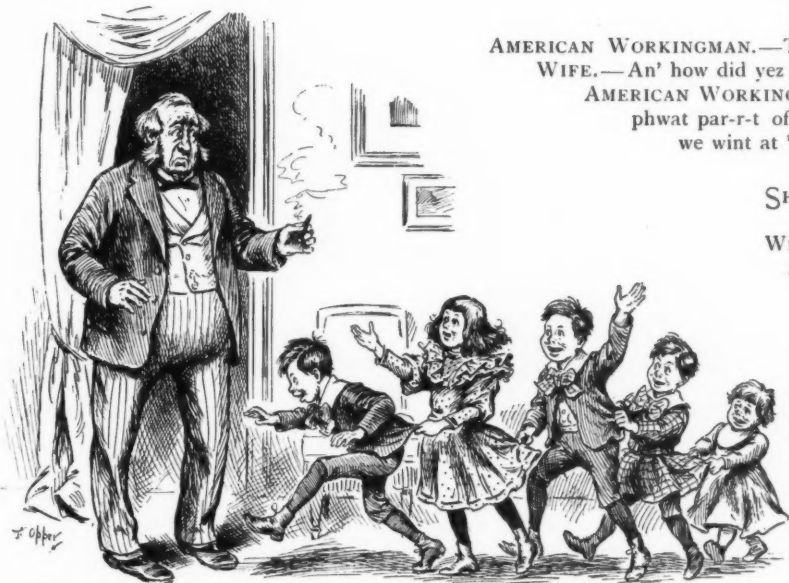
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#### NOT OFTEN TEMPTED.

MRS. GUSTO. — I've had my parrot three years, and he does n't swear at all, just because I've been very careful to keep him away from evil influences.

MRS. FLITTER. — Is n't it an awful lot of trouble?

MRS. GUSTO. — Oh, no! My husband shaves only twice a week.



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#### JUST THE THING.

WILLY. — Don't move, Uncle George — stand just as you are! We're playing express train, and you'll make a splendid tunnel!

#### BLESSINGS OF PHRENOLOGY.

AMERICAN WORKINGMAN. — The men in that other factory has struck out av sympathy fur us.

WIFE. — An' how did yez get their sympathy so quick?

AMERICAN WORKINGMAN. — Sure, it was aisy! We axed a phrenologist phwat par-t of the head had the bump av sympathy — an' thin we wint at 'em wid clubs an' made th' bumps larger.

SHE TRIPS and gambols merrily  
Along the grim Old Ocean's shore,  
With nothing on her mind, forsooth,  
And on her person little more.



THE GAME of life is great sport until  
one finds oneself the game.

EIGHT FINGERS would be enough to  
make money with if we did n't  
have about twenty for it to slip through.

TRUTH PLAYS about the same part in a horse trade that ham  
does in a Coney Island sandwich.

GENIUS IS madness — without the free accommodations.

LINEN COLLARS are the most numerous victims of "prostration by heat."

## THE MAN WITHOUT A WATCH.

THOMAS MORLEY knew the value of promptitude. He was a young man on whom ninety-two seasons had poured benefits and adversities, although many of the latter he took to be the former, his temperament shedding sorrow as a duck does water, to use a castanean simile.

He was a born and bred New Yorker; but, at the time of which we write, he had been living for the last ten or twelve months in Uxton, up among the hills of Northwestern Connecticut, studying the natives, for he was a writer.

Having filled a portfolio with material for enough dialect stories to run one of the great magazines for a year, he determined to seek his matter in the metropolis, and to that end applied for a reportership on the New York *Courier-Journal*, in which paper many of his brightest things had appeared at remunerative rates.

As has been said, he knew the value of promptitude, so when at eight o'clock one night Farmer Phelps's hired man handed him a letter from James Fitzgerald, managing editor of the *Courier-Journal*, asking him to come and see him in regard to a reportership, as soon as possible, he made up his mind to take the train which left Winsonia, four miles distant, at six o'clock next morning. This would enable him to reach the office by half-past ten, and probably catch Mr. Fitzgerald on his arrival at his desk.

Next morning he arose at four, and when he left the house he had sixty minutes in which to walk four miles, down hill: ample time, surely.

It was so ample that he would have had fifteen minutes to spare if the home clock had been right. As it was, he arrived at the station in time to see the train rapidly disappearing around a curve, on its way to New York. He laughed good-naturedly with the baggage-man, and asked him when the next down train was due.

"Seven-thirty, sharp. You'll not have to wait long."

Seven-thirty. That would bring him into the presence of Mr. Fitzgerald at just about the time he arrived at his sanctum. "Better than to have to wait in a presumably stuffy room," said he to himself, philosophically. He lit a cigar, and, as the air was bracing and he was fond of walking, he struck out into a five-mile-an-hour gait down the main street of Winsonia.

His footsteps led him further than he had intended going, and when he reached the Baptist Church at East Winsonia, he saw by its clock that it lacked but forty minutes of train time, and he had four miles to make. He threw away the stump of his cigar, which had been out for some time, broke into a jog trot, and, after covering a mile, he caught his second wind and mended his pace.

His fleetness would have served its turn had not a malicious breeze blown his hat over a high iron fence that surrounded a church-yard. By the time he had climbed the fence and recovered his hat, he had consumed so many precious minutes that, although he sprinted the last mile, he arrived at the station only in time to see train number two disappearing around that hateful curve.

The baggage-man was standing on the platform, and he said:

"Ain't once enough?"

"More than enough for most people," said Thomas, whose rare good-nature was proof against even such a remark at such a time.

The next train for New York was due at 9:56. Being somewhat blown, he walked around the corner to a billiard-room, meaning to sit down and watch whatever game might be in progress.

"It may be," soliloquized Thomas, "that Fitzgerald won't reach the office until after lunch, and I'll get there at half-past two, in time to see him when he's feeling good."

He met Ned Holloway at the billiard-room, and when Ned asked him to take a cue, he consented. Billiards was a game in which he was apt to lose — himself, at any rate; yet to-day his mind was enough on the alert to enable him, after a time, to glance at the clock over the bar in the next room. It was forty-five minutes past eight.

They began another game. Later he looked again at the clock. A quarter of nine. After another game he looked up once more. "Fifteen minutes to ni —. Say, Ned, what's the matter with that clock?" Ned looked at it, then at his watch. "Why, it's stopped!"

"You settle — see you later" — and Thomas was gone like a shot.

This time he had the rare pleasure of noting how the rear car of a train grows rapidly smaller as it recedes. In a moment the train disappeared around the curve before mentioned.

"Say, Mr. Morley, you've time to miss the next, easy," said the baggage-man, dryly.

Thomas was vexed, but he said pleasantly: "When is it due?"

"Half-past two. Better wait here and make sure of it."

"Oh, dry up! No; do the other thing; it's on me."

After this little duty had been performed, Thomas, with an irrelevancy of action that might have struck an observer as amusing, made his way to the Y. M. C. A. Rooms to read the magazines.

"Let's see," said he.

"I'll get to his desk at seven. He'll be hard at work, and, if he engages me, he may send me out on an assignment at once. Glad I missed the other trains."

Thus was Thomas wont to soliloquize.

At one o'clock he went to Conley's Inn, and sat down to one of those dinners that attract drummers to a hotel.

Necessarily, then, it was a good dinner, and one over which he lingered until nearly two. Then he went into the office and sat down.

The room was warm, and his dinner had made him drowsy. He decided to take a little nap. He had the faculty of waking when he pleased, and he willed to do so at fifteen minutes past two. It would be weakness for him to get to the station with too much time to spare; but this would give him a quarter hour in which to go a half-mile.

His awakening faculty could seem to have been slightly out of order that day, however, and he did not arouse until twenty-nine minutes past two by the hotel clock.

Of course, he did not make a fool of himself by trying to do a half-mile in sixty seconds; but he walked leisurely toward the station, intending to get his ticket and have that off his mind.

He laughed heartily at a corpulent fellow who darted by him, carrying a grip.

His laughter ceased, however, when, on turning the corner, he discerned the aforesaid fat man in the act of being assisted on to the platform of the last car by the brakeman, the train having acquired considerable momentum. Then he saw it disappear around a curve which was part of the road at that point. There were three explanations possible. Either the train was behind time; or else his awakening faculty was in good repair; or the hotel clock was fourteen minutes fast. The latter proved to be the correct explanation of the somewhat vexing occurrence.

"Say, that's a bad habit you have of missing trains," said his friend, the baggage-man. "Goin' to miss another? — or do anything else?"

"No," said Thomas, shortly.

He knew that the next train at five was the last. This would make it possible to reach Fitzgerald at half-past nine. "Right in the heat of the work. He'll engage me to get rid of me," laughed Thomas to himself. Then he continued: "I never heard of a man missing every train in a day, so I'll risk calling on Laura before the next one starts."

Miss Sedgwick, the one he called Laura, lived out of town near the railroad track, and two miles nearer New York than Winsonia station.

She was a captivating girl, and when Thomas was in her presence, he never took heed of time. He was lucky enough to find her at home. She seemed glad to — see him, and was much interested in his account of how near he had come to catching some trains that day; and,

as nothing is so engaging as a good listener, the minutes passed on pneumatic tires. When at last he took note of the hour, it was five o'clock.

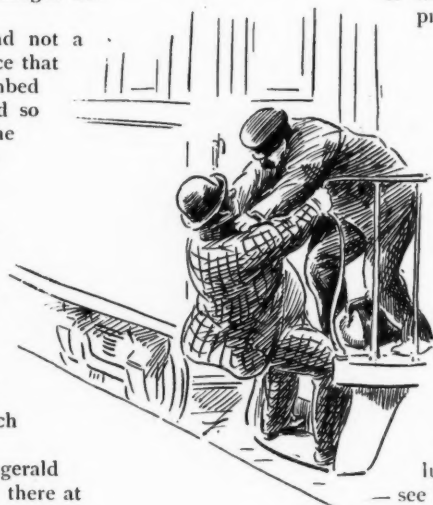
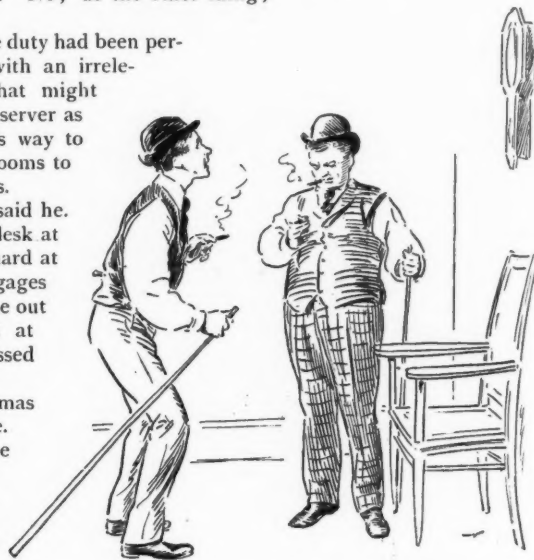
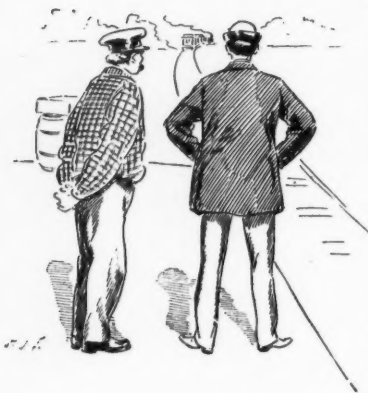
"That clock is n't right, is it?"

"Yes, sir. Father keeps it at railroad time. Mercy! you've lost your train again, have n't you?"

"Laura, this time it's bad. I won't see him to-day, now, and to-morrow may not do. Let me go and kick myself."

"I'm awfully sorry, Tom. I hope to-morrow won't be too late."

Thomas squeezed her hand and left her, feeling rather blue.







## NOTHING NEW.

LITTLE ISAACS. — Our deacher say Nero viddled vile Rome vas burning.

OLD ISAACS. — Ish dot so? Who vould haf dought dot vire inzurance vas zo old as dot?

The railroad track was but a block away, and he walked over to it, not with suicidal intent, but just that he might tantalize himself with a view of the train as it sped by, which it should do in about a minute.

"At any rate," said he, "it won't be going around that dreadful curve."

It was the last of December, and the sun had set. When he reached the track, he saw far away, a glimmer of the headlight of the five o'clock express.

Nearer and nearer it came. A moment more and it would rush by like a meteor; but it did n't. It slackened up at the very corner on which Thomas stood, to allow an official of the road to jump off.

Thomas was not slow, if he did miss trains now and then. He swung himself on to the "smoker."

"Go'n' far?" asked the brakeman.

"To New York," was his reply. "You're in luck."

"Well, I've not missed more than three or four trains in my life!" said Thomas; and it was strictly true.

Half-past nine to the minute found him outside of the editorial

rooms of the *Courier-Journal*.

"Can I see Mr. Fitzgerald?" he asked of a boy who came in response to a knock.

"No, sir; he went out of town yesterday. Be back to-morrow at twelve."

"Did you get my letter already?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald of Thomas Morley, when he came to his desk next morning and found that young man waiting for him.

"Yes, sir; and here I am."

"Well, sir; I like your promptness, and I'll give you the place of a man whom we had to discharge for being too slow. You seem to have, what a reporter needs most of all, the 'get there' quality."

"I did n't allow any trains to pass me," said Thomas, modestly.

Charles Battell Loomis.

"HE MUST be very charitable. He tells me he pays a certain sum of money to a poor widow each month."

"He'd be in contempt of court if he did n't."

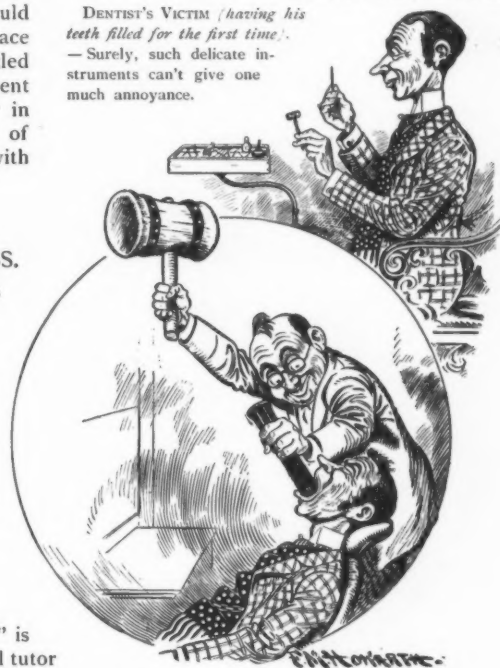
## AFTER THE BANK ROBBERY.

ALKALI IKE. — Huh! You are a pretty feller, Hooks, to stand thar in front of the bank with your hands in the air while the robbers were cleanin' out the institution.

COL. HOOKS (*the prominent real estate agent*). — Yes; and if you fellows had done as I did, instead of shooting and yelling like a pack of fools, it is probable that the robbers would have liked the place enough to have settled down here and spent all of that money in our midst, instead of carrying it away with them.

## THINGS SEEM SELDOM WHAT THEY ARE.

DENTIST'S VICTIM (*having his teeth filled for the first time*). — Surely, such delicate instruments can't give one much annoyance.



## CHANCE FOR A DOUBLE GUESS.

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Guess."

"A girl?"

(*Sadly.*) "You're only half-right."

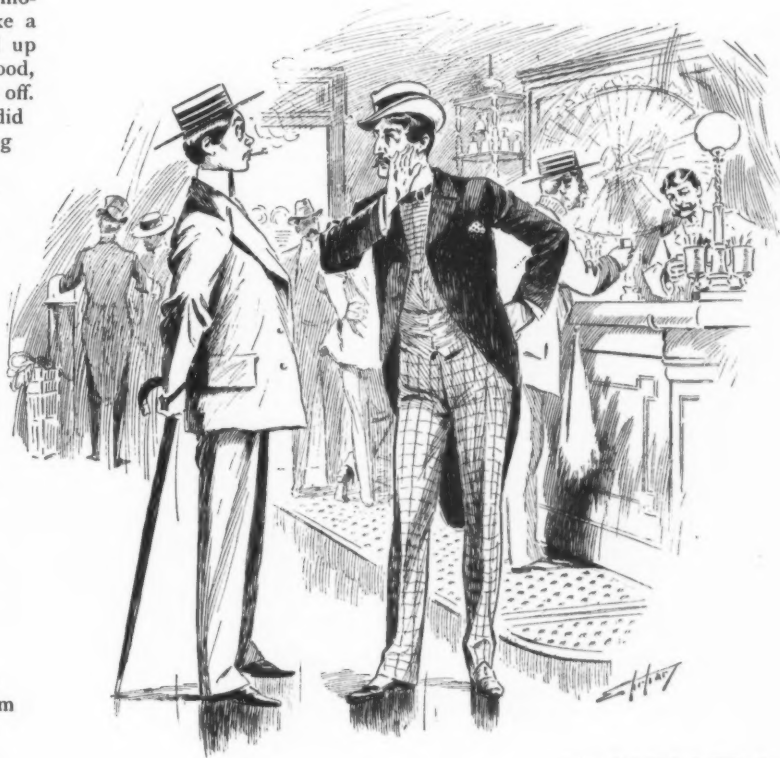
GREATNESS is the art of making people think one has kept one's self-respect.

"I TOLD YOU so!" is the most hateful tutor in the school of life.

"IS THERE an affinity between you and your husband?" "I am not sure; but I suspect his stenographer."

A LAZY HORSE always knows his driver.

THE EEL is not so slippery as a one-dollar bill.



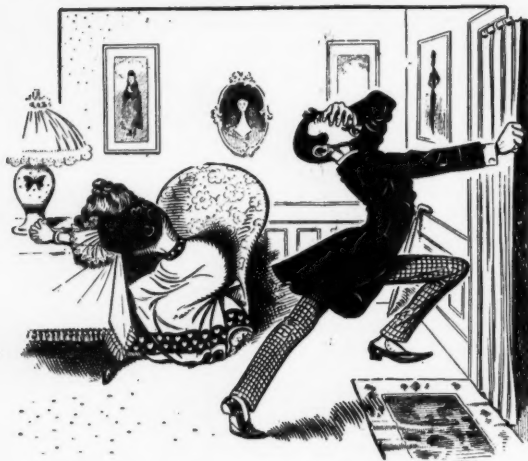
## A GOOD REASON.

BROWN. — Say, I'll give you a sure thing on the third race to-morrow. Play Mudsticker to win.

GREEN. — Thanks! But why don't you play it yourself?

BROWN. — I can't. I've already lost all the money I can spare this month.

## AN UNROMANTIC ROMANCE.



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THE FRANTIC LOVER (as he rushes from the room after quarrel).—Farewell! Farewell!! Farewell!!! All is over between us forever. Ah, cruel, cruel fate!



THE FRANTIC LOVER (as he gets down the street about two blocks).—Confound it! I forgot my umbrella. Now, I'll have to go back and face that poor girl whom I left in tears.



THE FRANTIC LOVER (nervously, as he arrives at parlor door).—Poor, poor girl! I hear not a sound. She has probably fainted from grief. I had no idea she would take my leaving so hard. I will knock.

## TOO TRUE.

IN ANCIENT days, long, long ago,  
Each king maintained his fool;  
And what I fail to understand  
Is that it was the rule

That this poor mirth-provoking wight  
Should be the wisest man  
Of all the mighty wits that were  
At the good king's command.

The times are changed. The public now  
Its chosen fool maintains;  
But still, the fool that pleases most  
Has the most brilliant brains.

And still the head that shakes the bells,  
May burn, and throb, and ache;  
The heart that makes the public laugh  
May in seclusion break.

B. Swallowtail.



THE POOR, POOR GIRL.—Come in. Ah! it's you, Mr. Gilley. Yes; you left your umbrella over in the corner.

## CAUSE TO REJOICE.

Three babes already in his homestead  
born,  
'T was his proud privilege, with heart  
elate,  
Upon our glorious Independence morn,  
The arrival of the Fourth to celebrate.

## A DISASTROUS LANDING.

DUSTY RHODES.—I was shipwrecked  
on the Coney Island coast, an' lost every  
cent I hed.

MRS. DOGOOD.—But you got ashore?

DUSTY RHODES.—Yes; that's how  
I came to lose it.

ESPRIT DU CORÉ—An Apple-paring  
Bee.

CHARITY COVERS a multitude of ama-  
teur theatrical performances.

## AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"And that," said Paul Emmicks, raising his voice as he finished his explanation to his table neighbor; "is the fly in the ointment."

"I would have you understand, Mr. Emmicks," remarked the landlady sharply; "that that is the best creamery butter; and, what is more, flies are unavoidable at this season."



## THE 'OLD MAID'S FOURTH.

Although to celibacy fated,  
A patriotic dame was she,  
The glorious Fourth who celebrated  
With bumpers of gunpowder tea.

## BRINGING HIM TO LIMERICK.

COL. KUTMYNOSEOFF (of the Russian police).—Has the prison-  
erski confessed?

SERGEANT KAUFFUPACATSKI. — No, your Highnessovich. We have beatenski him with our clubs, cut off one of his earsovich, burnt the soles of his feetski with hot ironskoff, and tried the thumbscrewovich on him, but he absolutely refuses to confesski.

COL. KUTMYNOSEOFF (sternly).—Then, as a last re-  
sortski, try the effect of a recitationskoff by a young lady elo-  
cutionistovich.

NIHILIST PRISONER (screaming).—Have mercy! I con-  
fess! I confess!



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## TOO TRUE.

VISITOR.—How can you stand being stared at by crowds of people every day?

OSSIFIED GIRL (resignedly).—Well, it was trying at first; but this sort of thing soon hardens one.

CHATTY LAFITTE.—I fancy heaven will be something like a Summer resort.

MAUDE ASKIT.—Why?

CHATTY LAFITTE.—Because there must be so few men there.





THE OPPRESSED WEAKER SEX.

MRS. PLAINFIELD.—I should n't think your husband would pay your dues to so many Woman's Rights clubs.

MRS. STRONG (with fire in her eye).—Let him dare to refuse!

IN CONFIDENCE.

PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Yes; the Senate tariff bill satisfies everybody in our concern except Jones, the vice-president of the company. He thinks the rates ought to be higher.

FRIEND.—What sort of man is Jones?

PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Well, I'll tell you; Jones used to be a cabman.



INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTIONS.

FRIEND.—I hear, Colonel, that you have broken off entirely with that charming widow you were engaged to.

COL. SCALEBRAYKE.—Yes—had to do it! She lived on the third floor of a flat house without any elevator, insisted on my calling every day, and would n't marry until a year from this coming August!

AMONG OTHER THINGS.

WOOL.—What does that "M. P." on the policemen's badges stand for?  
VAN PELT.—"Money, Please."

ALMOST PERSUADED.

BIBSON.—You don't, of course, believe the ridiculous argument that a protective tariff protects the laborer?

DIBSON.—Well, when I consider how hard the Sugar men have labored in Washington, I am inclined to accept the doctrine.

CONTRARY TO ALL PRECEDENT.

REPUBLICAN EDITOR.—I can't use this article on Tammany Hall. It is immoral.

INKLEIGH.—Immoral! In what way?

REPUBLICAN EDITOR.—You fail to show that every act of iniquity committed by Tammany, is endorsed by the Democratic party.



SHE BOUGHT ALL HE HAD.

AGENT.—To every one buying one package of "Liftem's Baking Powder" we present a baking pan.

MRS. ATHOME.—Baking pan? Why, that thing with a screen over it looks more like a bird cage!

AGENT.—Yes, Ma'am; but that powder makes such light biscuits that you must bake them in a cage, or they'll float away.

ON.

MRS. DIX.—We are going to start for Europe next week.

MRS. HICKS.—What part of Sullivan County is that?

BETTER THAN USUAL.

SMITH.—Jones must have a first-class system of playing the races.

ROBINSON.—Think so?

SMITH.—Yes; he's been at it three years, and he has some of his father's money left yet.

ENSLAVED FOR LIFE.

The glorious Fourth, I grieve to say,  
Delights not me like other men;  
For I was married on that day,  
And lost my independence then!



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"INDEPENDENCE DAY" OF THE FUTURE.

C. J. Foy 101

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PUCK.



## STARTING THE STRIKE.

(SCENE — *Hod-carriers' Hall, crowded with the parties interested.*)THE WALKING DELEGATE (*rapping savagely with the gavel*). — I call the mating to ordher. Casey, put out yer poipe!CASEY (*in the front row*). — Come down and put it out. (*A shuffling of feet all over the hall, and some laughing.*)THE WALKING DELEGATE. — Min, ye know me; ye know the purpose of this mating; ye know yer wrongs. Ye are all assimbled to have a fair and impartial vote on whether ye shall go on stroike. Ivery man shall have his say. We shal' be calm and deliberate, as becomes us, an' the majoritee shall rule. It has been a har-rud Winther. Some of ye have had no wor-ruk at all, an' it's the devil's own toime I've had to get the assissmints and me traveling expinses from ye, — more shame to ye! But now the har-rud toimes seem over, and work is plinty. I found ye disorganized, and some of ye wor-king on a building wid scab-made mortar hoes! (*Groans and hisses.*) Corry Coogan, ye were wan of these.Corry Coogan (*from the rear*). — I wor out of wor-ruk t'ree mont's, an' the wif: an' childer needed food.THE WALKING DELEGATE. — Sooner ye starve thim than soil yer hands wid scab tools! (*Loud applause.*)

MAN IN THE REAR. — May I spake a wur-rud?

THE WALKING DELEGATE. — The Chair recognizes Mr. Larry Weeden.

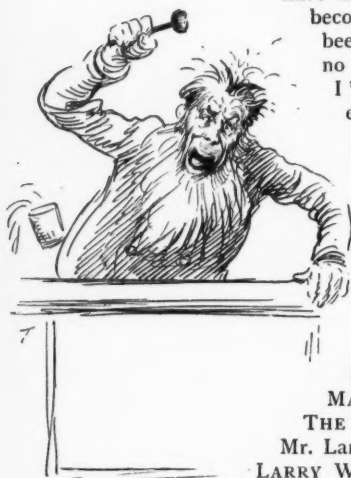
LARRY WEEDEN. — Me boss is a foine man, and good pay. He loikes me, an' tould me he had steady work for me, and he did n't moind me joining any union. But he said he'd be dommed if he'd have any Walking Delegates or professional agitators interfering wid his men or his work.

(*Dead silence in the hall, and then —*)

THE WALKING DELEGATE. — An' did ye not knock him down wid a brick as he stood forninst ye? Ye are not wort'y of ther name of an American wor-rukman.

CASEY (*rising to his feet*). — Well, phut about the stroike? There's a lot of dagos on the Mulligan tiniments that did n't knock off wor-ruk to attind this mating. I move we sind a delegation from this meeting to shtop thim, and shtop thim quick! (*Loud applause.*)CLEAN-FACED MAN (*at the side*). — Mr. Chairman, may I say a word?

WALKING DELEGATE. — Well, Johnson, I know ye! Ye niver were a staunch, thrue-born American to stand up for your roights; but ye can spake here.

JOHNSON. — Men, we have had a hard Winther of it. So have our employers. But we have been treated very fairly by them. And now there is promise of good work. Would n't it be better to send a committee to them and see if they have taken contracts at prices high enough to give us a raise over the present union wages paid? There are so many men looking for work, that if we are unreasonable we may lose all and gain nothing. Let us do right and be just before using extreme measures. (*Some applause.*)THE WALKING DELEGATE (*pounding furiously*). — Shame on ye! Are there no honest wor-ruking min prisent that belave in libertee and free spache, to t'row out that white-livered Pinkerton shpy and tool of the bosses?(*Commotion, and JOHNSON is unceremoniously ejected.*)

## THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

FIRST OFFICE BOY. — Say, how come de kid in your office t' git fired?

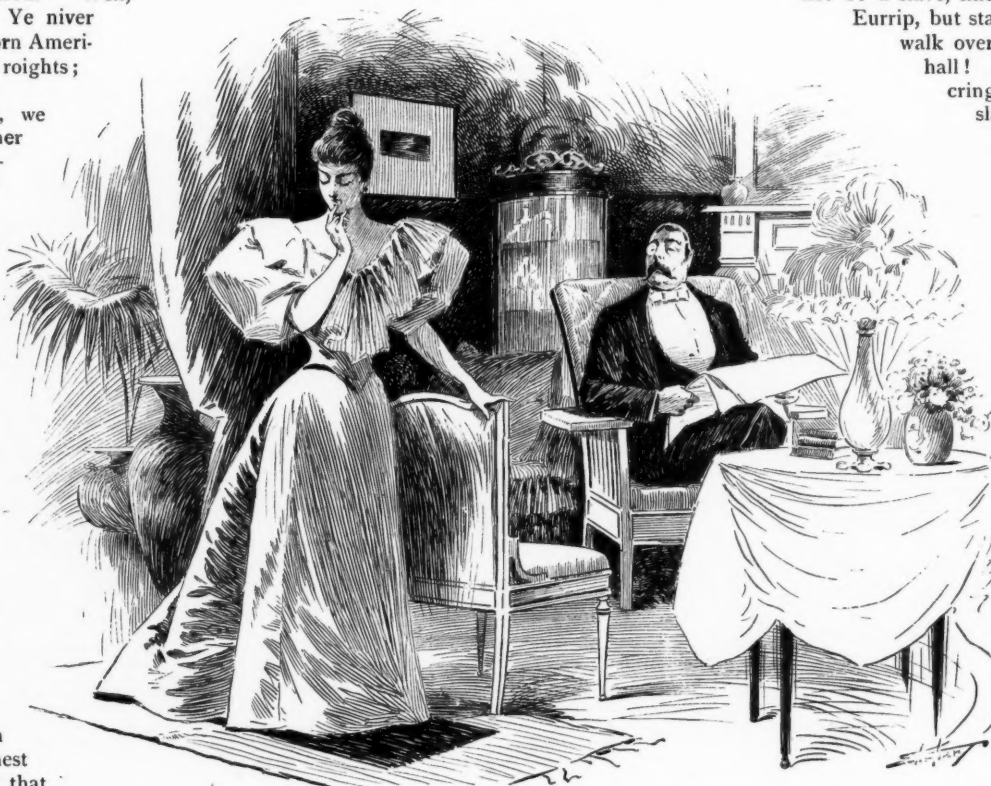
SECOND OFFICE BOY. — He did n't know it was de boss what was callin' him up on de telephone.

WALKING DELEGATE. — I t'ought so! Now, min and fellow-mimbers of this glorious organization, we will proceed to business. Times have been har-rud. But there is wor-ruk for ye now. The bosses have *time contracts*, and if ye stroike and bate the loife out of anny dommed scab that tries to wor-ruk in yer places, we'll win. The bosses must surrender. Now we will take a vote on it, the majoritee to rule. So (*impressive pause*) let ivery honest American wor-rukman here, who believes in getting his roights and nobly doing his duty by going on stroike to-morrow, who will not be a slave, like the pauper workmin of

Eurrip, but stands up for his just dues, walk over to the right soide of the hall! And all ye white-livered, cringing scabs and blackleg slaves that are agin a stroike, show yer shame fer once, and walk over to the left side of the hall, like the dommed slaves ye are!

(*Motion is carried unanimously and meeting adjourns, amid cheers, to Grogan's Café.*)

R. L. McCardell.



## NOTHING TO LOSE.

MRS. MANN. — You may think you'll have everything your own way; but you'll find that my mother has a will of her own.

MR. MANN. — Yes; and I'm not mentioned in it, anyway; so *that* has no terrors for me.

## PROMPT REFUTATION.

JESS. — We were just talking about you when we heard your voice in the hall.

BESS. — Then it's lucky I came, to put in a denial.

PITY WILL sometimes accept matinee-tickets from love.

THE DESIDERATUM in col-lars is something high enough to look uncomfortable and low enough to allow one to turn the head without swearing.



## DOWN BEDFORD STREET.



OWN BEDFORD STREET, so quiet, staid,  
Time seems to hardly lay his hand;  
The maple trees 'neath which I played  
Still flourish as they sturdy stand.  
'T is true, at intervals between  
The quaint, old dormer-windowed  
bricks,

Some ugly, modern house is seen  
Whose builder's played fantastic tricks  
With iron and stone; but these are few.

The most is old, the old I love;  
Old homes, old doorways leading through,  
Dim lit with fan-lights high above.

Here, in the olden Summertime,  
Upon the pavements in the ring,  
We children chanted out our rhymes —  
I wonder now if children sing  
"King William was King James's Son,"  
Or, "London Bridge is Breaking down?"  
Years gone, such songs when day was done  
Made echos in this part of town.  
But here, at noon, the place is still,  
Mayhap a pigeon circles round,  
Or some canary's silvery trill  
Breaks on the silence with its sound.

Down Bedford Street the years roll on,  
But still its dwellers seem to hold  
Tenacious to a time that's gone,  
And antique beauties of the old.  
Yet I, as one that seeks to find  
A face he knew in other years,  
Peer at each closed Venetian blind,  
And grieve that none I know appears.  
Old, old! The very breath of June  
Is lavender, so faint and sweet,  
Abroad upon the languid noon,  
Down Bedford Street, down Bedford Street.

Roy L. McCardell.

## HIS RELIGIOUS STATUS.

COHEN. — Have you heard that Rosenblatt has repudiated his conversion to Christianity?

ISAACS. — Yes. But I wonder if he still publishes that paper called *The Converted Jew*?

COHEN. — Oh, no! He now publishes one called *The Converted Christian*.



## WHEN NEEDED.

HUSBAND (*preparing to go to the club*). — You kick at everything I do. You used to say I was the light of your life.

WIFE. — So you are yet. That's the reason I don't want you to go out at night.

## HER TRANSIENT GLORY.

JACK. — What color would you call Miss Fitz's hair?

JESS. — Now, really; I have n't seen her for a week or two.

## AN IDEAL EMPLOYER.

PATRICK. — If all men wor loike moy employer, there wudna be so much trouble betwene labor an' capytal.

WIFE. — Did n't yez stroike?

"No. We got all ready and sint in our commands, phwin th' boss, loike th' gintleman that he is, called us into his office and showed us his books."

"An' phwat good wor thot?"

"Sure; we found he wor losing wan thousand dollars a month."

"Yez did?"

"We did. An' roight thin an' there we unanimously resolved that we'd kape roight along wur-rkin' at the ould wages till the business comminced to pay expinses."

## NOT PARTICULAR ABOUT THE NAME.

MRS. HUSSIFF. — I never turn a beggar away from the door. "A cup of cold water in my name —"

RURAL RAGGES. — Make it whiskey in somebody else's name, Mum, an' I won't kick.

THE MAN who is satisfied with himself must be easily satisfied.



## DID N'T KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

CUSTOMER (*as journeyman barber leaves the shop*). — What did you discharge him for?

BOSS BARBER. — Why, he ain't got no more sense than a stone wall! One of my customers left a pair of razors here to be sharpened, and that ignorant chump actually went ar.d sharpened them so the man could shave with them.

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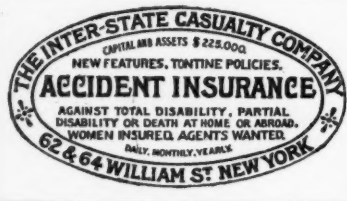
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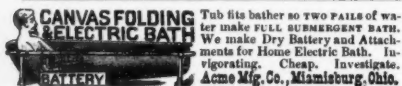
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LITTLE MISS MUGGS (*haughtily*).—My mother remembers when your grandfather used to saw wood for her mother.

LITTLE MISS FRECKLES (*defiantly*).—I s'pose he did it for the poor ole soul out of charity.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

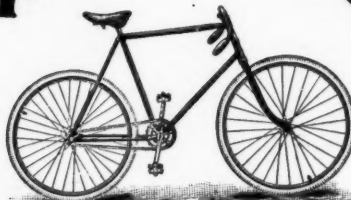
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BARKER (*outside stand*).—NICE, REFRESHING TEMPERANCE DRINKS OF ALL KINDS!

(*Passing strangers pay no attention.*)

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(*Crowds enter.*)

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LITTLE NEPHEW.—Yes, indeed. I'm learnin' to sit still, an' not talk, an' not make any noise, an' git up an' sit down, an' march, an' lots of things.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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**NOCTURNE.**

The moon beams through the trellis of the porch;  
Deep hid within the honeysuckle vines,  
With busy bow, and half his arrows spent,  
In record-breaking shots, Cupid reclines.

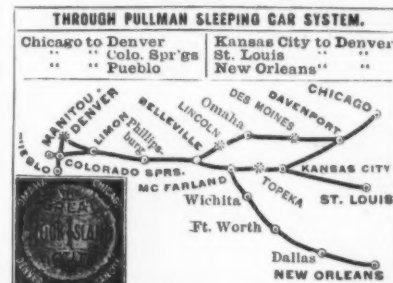
The night winds sigh amid the swaying leaves;  
Ah! sweeter sighs that tell of bliss unspoken  
The shadows hear—but never tell; and then—  
A grasp, a screech, a thud—the hammock's broken.

H. L. H.



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**INDIANLAND  
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**A JOKE ON POP.**

**SMALL BOY.**—I've got a good joke on Pop.

**YOUNG RICHFELLO.**—What about?

**SMALL BOY.**—Popsaw Mr. Poorchapp in the parlor last night, with his arm around sister, and Pop is so near-sighted he thought it was you, and he did n't say a word.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

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CLERK.—That 's what we call our No. 4 guest-chair, Madam. How do you like it?

CUSTOMER.—I am afraid it is n't uncomfortable enough.

—*Truth.*

### ON THE ALERT.

POTTER.—Why did n't you join us in our hunting trip?

BLAIR.—Well, I'm not much of a hunter, and I was afraid you might make game of me.—*Truth.*

FOREIGNER.—What properties are you Senators giving the most attention to just now?

AMERICAN.—Acoustic properties, I should say.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**EAT BICYCLES**  
Without Charge.  
**A.W.GUMP & CO.,**  
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will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from \$20.00 to \$50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a Candy Bicycle Transparency, good to eat but better to hang in your window.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



### UNDISCOURAGED.

Because one maid may prove unkind  
Or Mistress Fortune fickle,  
Must I to sorrow be resigned?  
Nor bet another nickel?

Shall I brood sadly o'er the past,  
Instead of quick forgetting?  
Because my horse has come out last  
Shall I forswear my betting?

Let others mope or be afraid,  
Not I, as I'm a sinner!  
Forsooth, I'll find another maid,  
And try another winner.

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FATHER. — Well, you, for one thing. — *New York Weekly.*



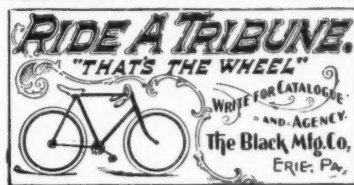
## OFTEN THE CASE.

MISS INGÈNE. — What do you English college men call a graduate?

JACK TERMLEY. — A fellow who has successfully been through a course of studies.

MISS INGÈNE. — Oh! And is an undergraduate a fellow who has been through a course of understudies?

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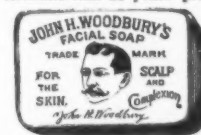
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YOUTHFUL INGENUITY; OR, HOW JOHNNY GOT TO THE CIRCUS.

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I.

I.  
FATHER (at breakfast-table). — What! Ask me to allow a son of mine to go to the circus? A tent-covered aggregation of sin? — No — Never!



II.

II.  
JOHNNY. — Not let me go to the circus, eh? Well, I'll see if I can't change his mind!



III.

III.  
MANAGER. — Certainly, my son! Here's all der circulars and show cards yer want. Full description of the greatest show on Earth on each and every one.



IV.

IV.  
JOHNNY. — I'll just put these under Dad's evening paper, so 's he'll see 'em right after supper.



V.

V.  
FATHER. — Why — er — what 's all this vile and degrading-looking literature, Mary? Who brought this ungodly trash into this house?



VI.

VI.  
FATHER (warming up). — Just look what that fellow is doing, and those two women! Wonderful! Wonderful! Look at those trained animals! It is simply marvelous!



VII.

VII.  
FATHER (excitedly). — Hurry, Mary! Get on your things! Get my shoes! Where's my hat? Johnny, put on your coat. I'm going to see if those bills tell the truth.



VIII.

VIII.  
FATHER. — Come, hurry up! Hurry up! We're late, now; and we don't want to miss anything. Why did n't you say something about this earlier in the day, Johnny?